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He, who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must trace alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.



To a Friend on his Marriage.

WHILE now the tepid skies and gentle rains
 Of April bid the gushing brooks o'erflow ;
 While scarce their earliest verdure tints the plains
 And cold in hollows lurks the lingering snow ;—
 Lone, sauntering in the sunny glade to know
 If yet upon the moss banks of the Grove
 That little flower of golden vesture blow,
 Which first the spring receives from Flora's love ;
 I hum this careless strain as deviously I rove.
 Not yet unlovely, nor with song uncheer'd
 Is this pale month, and still I love to greet,
 At misty dawn, the blue bird's carol heard,
 And red breast, from the orchard warbling sweet ;
 The fogs, that, as the sun slow rises, meet
 In snowy folds along the channell'd flood ;
 The squirrel issuing from his warm retreat,
 The purple glow that tints the budding wood,
 The sound of bursting streams by gathered mounds with-
 stood.

And now the heaving breast, and glances meek,
 The unbidden warmth in beauty's veins declare ;
 The gale that lifts the tresses from her cheek,
 Can witness to the fires that kindle there ;
 Now is the time to woo the yielding fair ;—
 But thou, my friend, may'st woo the fair no more ;
 Thine are connubial joys and wedded care,
 And scarce the hymenean moon is o'er,
 Since first, in bridal hour, thy name Eliza bore.

And if thy poet's prayer be not denied,
 The hymenean moon shall ever last ;
 The golden chain, indissolubly tied,
 Shall brighten as the winged years glide past ;
 And wheresoe'er in life thy lot be cast,
 For life at best is bitterness and guile—
 Still may thy own Eliza cheer the waste,
 Soften its weary ruggedness the while,
 And gild thy dreams of peace, and make thy sorrows smile.

Such be thy days.—O'er Coke's black letter page,
Trimming the lamp at eve, 'tis mine to pore ;
Well pleased to see the venerable sage,
Unlock his treasur'd wealth of legal lore ;
And I, that lov'd to trace the woods before,
And climb the hill a play mate of the breeze,
Have vow'd to tune the rural lay no more,
Have bid my useless classicks sleep at ease,
And left the race of bards to scribble, starve and freeze.

Farewell.—When mildly through the naked wood,
The clear warm sun effus'd a mellow ray ;
And livelier health propell'd the vital flood,
Loitering at large, I pour'd the incondite lay,
Forgot the cares and business of the day,
Forgot the quirks of Lyttleton and Coke,
Forgot the publick storms, and party fray ;
And, as the inspiring flame across me broke,
To thee the lowly harp, neglected long, I woke.